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DO NOT FLAG.

New York has shown in her subscription heretofore that the initial contributions were the largest, most numerous and the most enthusiastically offered. If the contributions to the World's Fair Guarantee Fund are to be of this character the first two days subscription is not particularly encouraging. Not a million yet!

Subscribe at once now through pride, through business appreciation of a large opportunity, through wholesome regard for the country's glory. To the contributor money is no more now than it will be next week. To the fund and the cause it is much more now than it will be next week, or any other week.

Give what you give at once.

CONSIDERATE MR. MORTON.

LEVI P. MORTON, Vice-President of the United States, has taken out a license to sell spirituous drinks in Washington. As proprietor of a small apartment-house, with lodgers who would rather shiver with thirst than expose themselves to the agony and disaster of drinking water from the Kidwell Bottoms, Mr. Morton had to furnish liquid refreshment in the Shoreham.

In Washington they drink who never drank before, and if Landlord Morton had not provided a barroom for his tenants they would have had to come all the way over to Womax's, on the corner directly across the street. Now Mr. Morton is nothing if not kind.

THANKS, COSTA RICA!

DON RICARDO JIMENEZ, who has just resigned the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in Costa Rica, says that if Costa Rica were to be annexed to any country there is none so good for her as the United States.

Costa Rica people are said to be quite American-like in go-ahead ways, industry and quickness of mind. Hence that they would rather belong to us than to any other country is a compliment.

The bribery charges against Mr. "Silver Dollar" SMITH and his conferees, CHRISTIAN GORTZ, have not impaired their political usefulness, for it is now settled that they are to run for the Assembly in JOHN J. O'BRIEN'S districts. This, with Mr. O'BRIEN'S forgiving spirit in offering a Senate candidacy to BOZ SMITH, his willom bitter enemy, makes the "Banner Eighth" almost dazzling.

Mrs. HARRISON, as "First lady of the land," dresses her hair more youthfully, wears slightly gayer costumes, has photographs taken in various poses and feels generally younger than she did before HARRY McKIN and Grandpa BEN got into the White House. It is a comfort to know that it makes somebody feel younger.

There is some sense in TANFAR after all, for when informed last night that no man thought more of him than the President," he said: "Well, perhaps he was right to dissemble his love, but why did I kick me downstairs?" True, Corporal, actions speak louder than words.

At an auction sale lately of skulls some sold for 10 cents, some for 60. Ten cents seems really enough for a skull without any brains in it.

MARION thinks that small beginnings have sometimes great endings. He wants to be Vice-President in '92.

Mexico was shocked again yesterday. This time it was not by the stealing of her bonds, but by an earthquake.

SPOTLETS.

Quarry-are the Second Adventists really sorry that the world did not come to an end yesterday?

The old question again: "Is it Tascott at last? Let us hope it is the last of Tascott."

Real Swedish pleasure comes cheap in Pottemtown. It only cost \$10 there for an angry man to pull out a talky horse's tongue.

"Ask for a cracker and you shall receive a drink," was unheeded Patrick Downey's way of doing it in Rockford, Ill. He was fined \$700 and went to jail for four months.

The earth swells through space without tremor or stop. And it is mighty queer that we are not appalled by some dreadful kerdop. For this is the fall of the year. -Time.

Time and wedlock wait for no man. A March Chunk jurymen was excused that he might go and get married, the lawyers agreeing to continue their case before eleven good men and true.

Truth may lie at the bottom of a well, but somebody else lies, too, about a 140-pound fish found in a newly dug well at Kirkwood, Ill.

There are great make-making days among the prices and processes of the monarchic world. Two more betrothals are announced.

From before up the stump through President Harrison's coffin, John Sherman has come to be on the stump through Fournier's campaign.

The world should have come to an end yesterday, but after all the old ball seems to have been found good enough to keep on rolling.

The reckless New York driver will be surprised to learn that a Grand Juror was driven to death by morbid sensibility over having run down a woman in the street.

The servants of a Waterbury family only had their expectations realized when, after a mad partridge had down through a window, the death of a poor relative was reported.

CLARA BELLE'S LETTER.

Popular Annexes to Our Fashionable Restaurants.

Quiet Places Where Ladies Can Decorate and Fix Up.

Observation on the Digestion of a Convention Delegate.

New York, Oct. 26.

Just together two persons by chance entered the portal of a very stylish restaurant establishment. One was a "seasoned old clubman," with the cap of an amateur yachtsman on his head, and a cigar in his mouth. He passed through the hallway into the barroom department. He went to get a lone, solitary drink, I supposed. The other was an exquisitely dressed young lady. She took the table across from me in the ladies' part of the premises and said a few words to the waiter, who went out and returned with a sherry cocktail. The girl tossed it off, laid down a money with ten cents extra for the man, gathered up her tiny parcels, and continued her walk upstairs. She did it all in a perfectly easy manner, and utterly indifferent to my shocked look. Now, really, why was it the girl that in the man to drink whiskey?

It is very amusing to observe the people as they come in and try to get tables by the avenue windows. Of course these are the pleasantest seats, as one can enjoy watching the stylish men and women who go sauntering by, as well as be seen by them, which is a source of everlasting delight and gratification. Frequently, when every table in the window is occupied, and the middle ones are empty, a girl will call the head waiter and anxiously converse with him in an undertone. He glances around at the different places, finds out how nearly filled some of the eaters are, and promises to reserve the first vacant table. Leaving a generous fee with him, she goes off contentedly, returning after while to the coveted table.

Now the selection is made, and the number who do this thing in the lobby, willing to seat themselves in the hallway and patiently wait for an hour for a table where they may be seen by their passing friends.

GREEN BONBONS.

All society is clamoring for green bonbons. For a time it was violets. Then came preserved rose leaves, crystallized cherries and bits of diamonds in glass form. Now the selection is green as a spring landscape, and the creams, glazes and fruit drops match the gloves of the serpentine girl that orders them. These green sweets are composed largely of California grapes and pistache creams. There are pistache balls, cubes and squares in which fruit, nuts and maroons are smothered. There are the blocks of cream and white sugar riddled with pistache nuts, and the green cake, like the champagne beauty, is more than half concealed, scarcely half revealed, by the muffing of spun sugar or whipped cream. Then there are lime drops and lime balls, creams and scrolls of English mint, and buried in sugar crystals and cream daisies you can get a drop of maraschino. Over the whole candied leaves of bitter sweet and lemon are sprinkled, and with the killed tones comes a bill of \$1.50 for the very smallest box that ever measured sixteen ounces. The sugar plums for the bomboniers of silver and ormolu are of the same exquisite shades.

A POPULAR RESTAURANT ANNEX.

Hundreds of women go to our most fashionable restaurant every week in the year for the purpose of picking and powdering preparatory to a city of bouillottes and a subsequent call or matinee. The toilet cabinet where the new rich and the rest of 'em meet is a small, sumptuously furnished room, with a couch of tufted velvet, a wall mirror that reaches from the floor to the ceiling, a long stationary table with a quartet of marble basins, and a French dressing table as perfectly equipped as though it were a private affair. There are scent bottles, brushes, combs and hairpins, a cushion big as a pillow filled with pins enough to skewer the bonnets of a national convention of women, fasten their bouquets, and put in their mouths for all sorts of connections, manicure instruments and cosmetics, face powder for blonde, brunette and middle-type; almond meal and cold cream for chaps, rosin for the restoration of vanishing curls and lips; Egyptian black for strengthening brows and lashes and a perfect foot of hair-pins for blonde hair, black hair, brown hair and copper-hued tresses.

On the washstand the visitor is sure to find the most delicate soaps the market affords-glycerine for the hardy and benzoin for those who have a more sensitive skin. And the towels are of the finest quality, like Egyptian cotton, or a dozen, but stuck along the backboard as high as the mahogany wainscoting, and the use to which they are put by the butterflies of fashion would make a prim housekeeper weep. One girl wipes her shoes with three, throwing them in a corner, and helping herself to a fourth to dry her hands and a fifth to rub down her face. Another takes her hair down, pins one towel about her neck to protect her dress, and with another wipes away the dust from the roots. The next has mud on the bottom of her dress, and if it cannot be removed with three towels, then four, five or six linen napkins are levied upon. I have seen these damask towels used for powder rags, rouge brushes, manicure polishers, and scented with perfume to rub out spots from the fronts of a dress. I have seen them bunched, folded and pinned in dresses for a bustle, and time and again I have watched a negligent chaperone fill a towel with crushed ice and press it on the brow of the semi-nude girl stretched at full length on the couch. Now and then it does happen that a heady wine will send a lady from the dining-room, and the devoted waiter who attends to everything gets a restorative to the cabinet as soon as the victim.

Aside from the dresses, flowers and mannerisms of the elegant women who rendezvous at this cafe about midday a looker-on can always get a point or two for personal instruction. For instance, you will rarely see a real swell put water on her face. The woman from out of town scrubs a soap on her nose and cheeks, which she afterwards smoothes with pink or pearl powder, but the belle from uptown, across town or the suburbs declares her cosmopolitanism at once by the careful, cautious way that she brushes the dust from her face, rubs it down with gentle caressing touches of the towel, and finally lays on and works in the powder. When finished she is not only in better, prettier

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face than her country cousin, but cleaner. There she is the girl who, instead of putting perfume on her handkerchief, rubs it in the palms of her hands and pours it over her coffee, and still smiles and looks as though she were over her head and heels in the slip with the sweet stuff.

CONVENTION DICTIONARY.

The members of the Episcopal Convention are not in the least abashed in a number of their ways. I was in a Thirtieth avenue oyster-house at lunch time and a dozen or more of the ministers were there engaged on the same errand of the stomach that I was engaged on. But my report was a meagre thing, indeed, compared with many of theirs. Two fine old gentlemen who sat next to me ate fried scallops and fried oysters, and deep-dish east-side pie, and topped it off with three cups of coffee each and cigars. Superb digestion! It made me at once envious and ambitious to observe them. I am bound to say that not one of them lunched there drank wine or ale, but most of them smoked black, fat, powerful-looking cigars. I saw them constantly smoking in the streets, even when they were walking with their wives and daughters. It seems an amiable fashion, and perhaps an unobjectionable one if their nerves can stand it, and the nerves of the ministers are apparently very good.

CLARA BELLE.

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LA MODE.

In dressing a fillet or roast of meat a la Jardener rubeana, carrot, celery, artichoke, cucumber, egg plant and the kind of sweet pepper are cut into the size of a green pea and used with that vegetable.

A cap and Dutch dress of black velvet is the proper sort of outfit for fashionable runabouts or toddlers.

You can have a writing-table, but a desk is not considered good taste in a modern library or reception room. The carved brasses for ink, pens and knives, maps, letters, stationery, calendar and thermometer, and candle and seal coat equally as much as the mahogany table.

The Portuguese crane is the mystifying name that caterers apply to an ice or ice-cream stand in oranges. In preparing this dessert the fruit is carefully removed, the rind cut in a basket or bucket form and the whole covered with a thin layer of ice. The bowl of the crane is put into the little yellow receptacle, a bow of ribbon tied to the handle, and with a lace papered plate it is a Portuguese crane.

Mrs. Senator Evans does not on emeralds, so does Mrs. Grayson. Mrs. William Belknap worships the emerald. Mrs. John Jay worships the emerald. In the lapidary's tray that can compare with the coral in the estimation of Mrs. Cleveland; Mrs. Mackay divides her love between the sapphire and diamond; Mrs. Harrison is never without her white pebble diamond earrings. Mrs. John Jay's husband and Mrs. Marshall Roberts have magnificent sapphires. Mrs. George M. Pullman has a sapphire ruby that cost as much as a locomotive with the engineer thrown in. Mrs. W. W. Astor has a pearl-shaped pearl as large as her husband's head. Mrs. John Jay's husband has a sapphire. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has a diamond parure, said to be the costliest jewel in America, and with a pair of sapphire ear-drops that Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, Jr., received from the late Chicago millionaire. The choicest resident of the fashionable Prairie avenue or exclusive Pine street, might be purchased. Mrs. Judge Lambert Tree has a wealth of sapphires, but she is not to be compared to her husband's fine faces, among which are "gemms" from the shuffles of the Russian king.

POLITICAL ECHOS.

Ex-Senator William Fiske has resigned from the County Democratic organization in the Twenty Assembly District because of the deal with the Republicans.

Hamilton Fish, Jr., will be returned to the Assembly by the Republicans of Putnam County.

Ex-Warden Walsh claims that he is honest in his kick, and that not one County Democrat in the Second District will vote for the Republicans on the Fusion ticket for the present.

Judge Gildersleeve has moved campaign headquarters at the Hoffman House.

The Harlem Republicans endorsed the Fusion County ticket with a hurrah-meeting at 24 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street last night.

To-day is the last for the registration of voters. There were 56,302 registered yesterday, making a total of 100,000 for the year. This is very light, even for an off-year.

George F. Roesech, the Tammany Hall nominee for Senator in the Seventh District, was one of the warmest advocates of THE EVENING WORLD'S Children's Bill in the last legislature.

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